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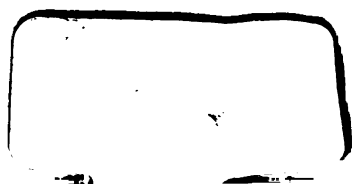
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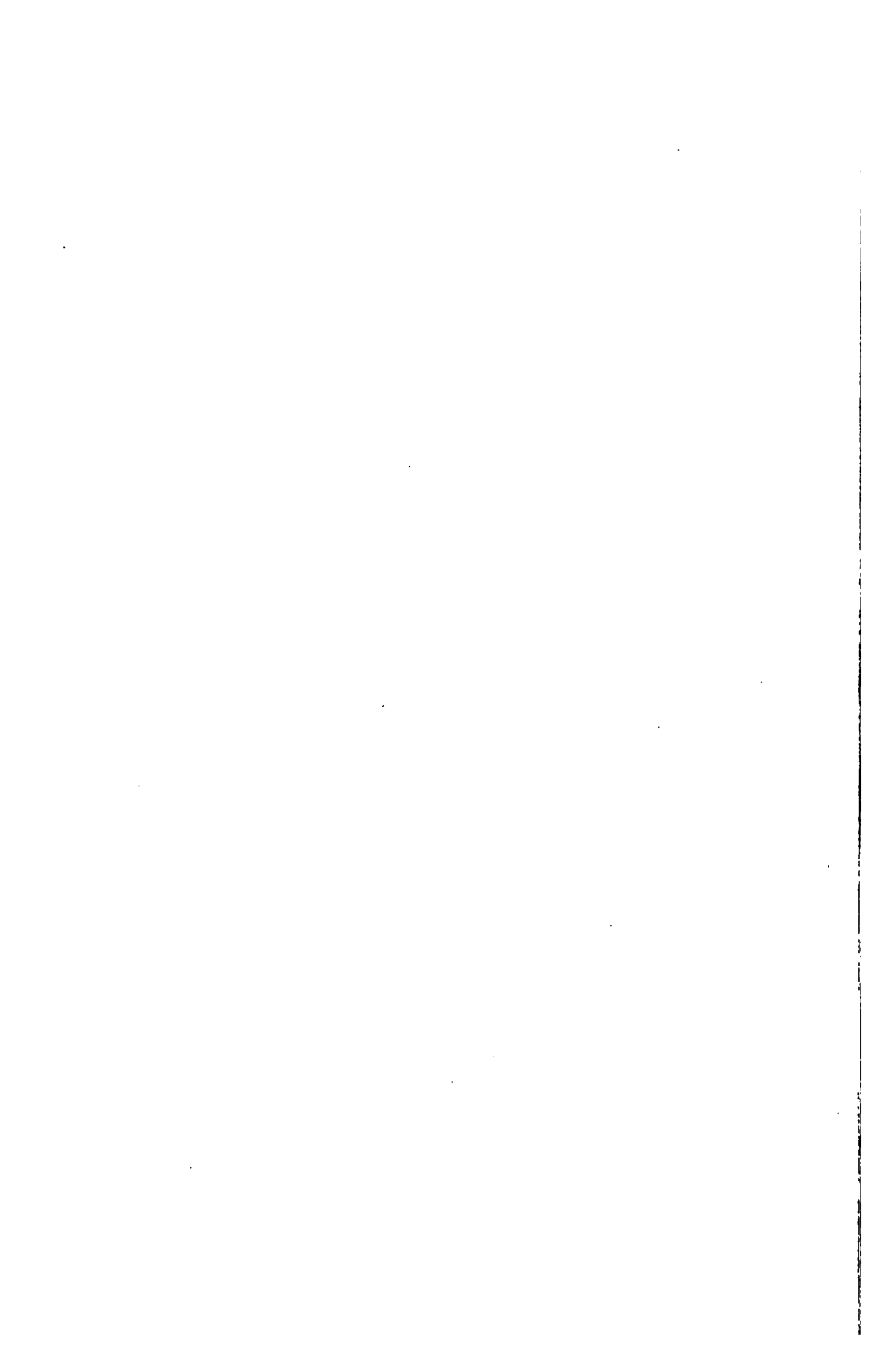
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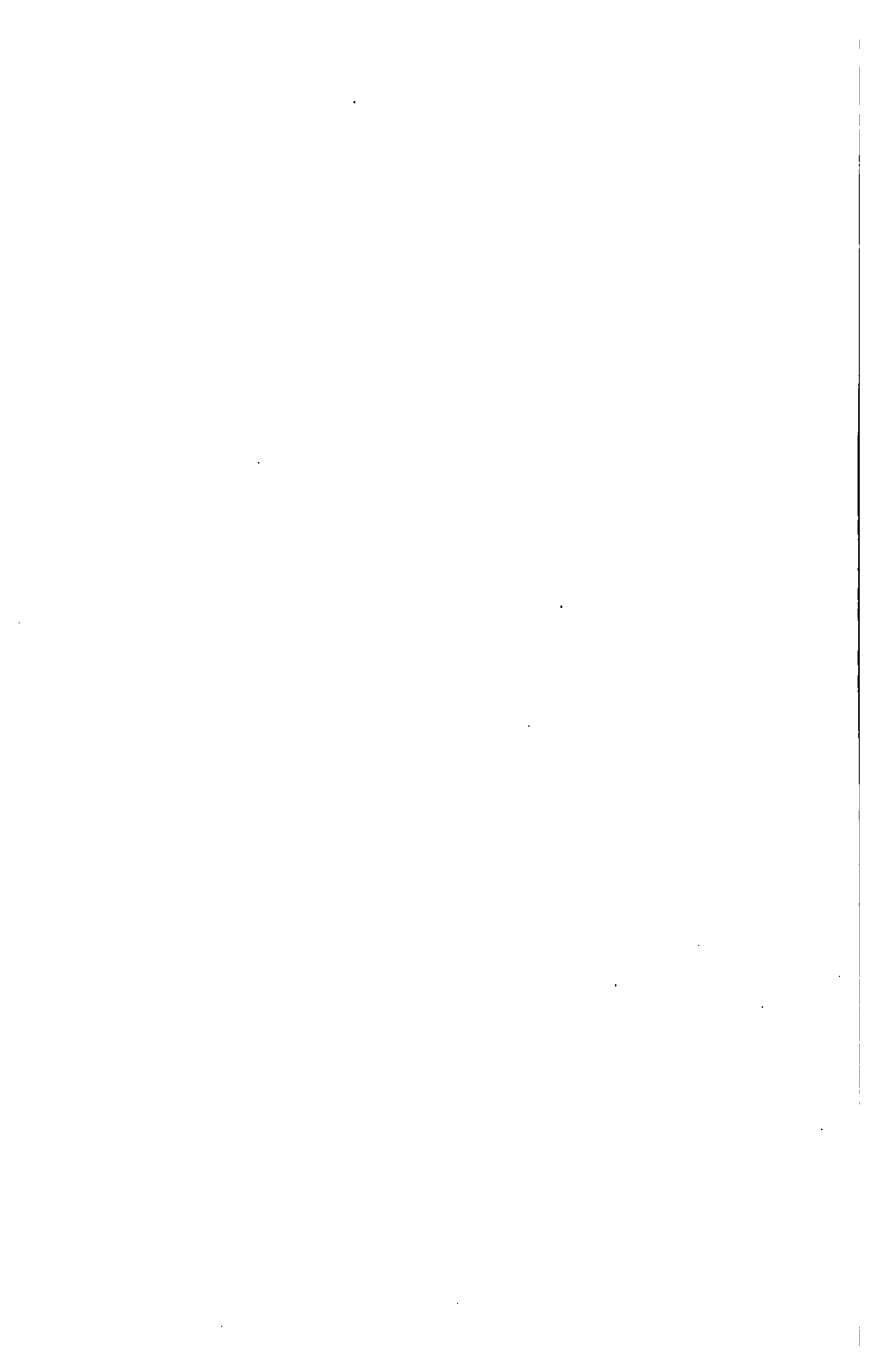
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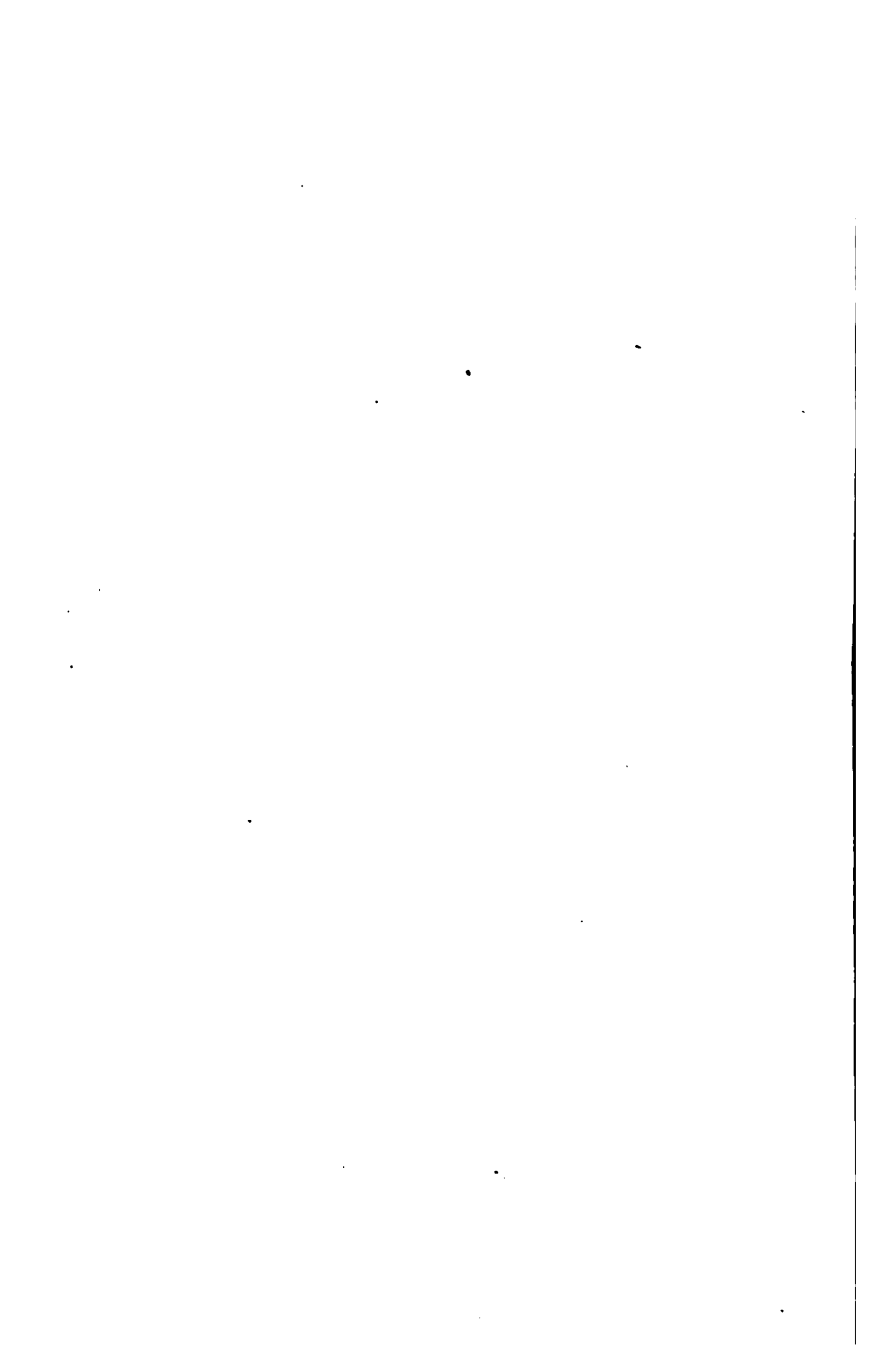
HARRIS





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Harris



IDYLS OF FANCY,

BY

JOS. ARCHER HARRIS.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1867.

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TO MY
FATHER AND MOTHER,
IN
TOKEN OF THE AFFECTION OF
THEIR SON,
THE AUTHOR.

WQR 19 FEB '36

PREFACE.

THE name which the Author has given to this little book tells the reader what its contents are—mere sketches of fancy, and not pictures from real life. Their composition has occupied some listless, and charmed many pensive, hours, all of them having been written in the Author's early boyhood, and most of them owing their inspiration, if any they have, to the random fancy of a soldier's life. As the first fledglings of his mind, he sends them on their untried flight with much solicitude; yet, whether they soar aloft or droop despairing to the earth, he humbly trusts there will be a few who will watch their flight or mark their fall with that sympathy which, after all, is the poet's richest reward.

MT. WILLING, *Alabama*, Nov., 1866.

IDYLS OF FANCY.

THE LAST MOHAWK.

THE autumn sun was shining clear
 Upon the Hudson's lordly stream,
 The yellow leaves were falling there
 Upon the water's mellow gleam;
 Each autumn, when the leaves were sere,
 An Indian would return. His hair
 Was hoary, and his deep-set eye
 Was bright with hopeless misery.
 Time had not touched his eagle gaze
 Or dimm'd the lustre of its blaze;
 His noble form was straight, and still
 Showed strength to match an iron will.
 Too oft, ye whites who dwell at ease
 Beneath the red-man's forest trees,

1*
 , , , ,
 , , , ,
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Too oft the "Eagle's" arm hath proved
It could avenge his lost and loved.
His step was firm, his head erect,
And by an eagle's plume bedecked ;
The quiver by his stalwart side
Was filled with arrows good and tried ;
His good bow o'er his shoulder flung,
With loosened string now harmless hung,
But should a sound within the wood
Disturb his meditative mood,
An instant serves to string the yew,
Stanch as his heart, as firm, and true.
His battle-ax with glittering sheen
Hung from his wampum belt of green ;
Its flash had once lit thousands on

In battles' dreadful tempest leading :

Alas ! the chieftain's braves are gone—

The yengus sword with gore is bleeding !

The last of all his tribe was he,

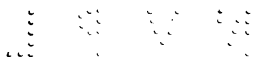
Alone to live, alone to die !

And as he cast his eye around

To where his wife and children slept,

Silent and deep, within yon mound,

The aged warrior bowed and wept :



“Alas,” he cried, “this heart must break,
Or weep the woes it cannot speak.
Yon banner floating gayly o’er
Yon guarded fort beside the shore,
Shows that my ancient race is dead :
And he who once its warriors led
Survives, of all his tribe, the fall
Of wigwam—birth-place—kindred—all !
Adieu, pale race ! I cannot die
Where yonder banner flouts the sky !
Adieu thou spot where White Fawn sleeps,
And thou dear shade ! adieu to thee ;
Thy warrior’s heart now broken weeps—
Naught has he but thy memory !
Adieu ye hills ! adieu thou stream !
Adieu the sunset’s golden gleam !
Adieu ye haunts, ye are no more
What once ye were in days of yore !
Adieu good bow ! you must not grace
The hand of one whom tears abase,
I break thy faithful string in twain,
And after thee I throw thy quiver,
Do me a service once again,
And bear them from my sight, dear river !”

The warrior turned his agèd form,
Drooped as, when in an angry storm,
The monarch oak, its glory o'er,
Bends to the gale to rise no more.
But when he gained the forest path
He paused, and raised his arm in wrath,
And cursed with imprecations wild
The land the white man had defiled.
Then rearing his proud form on high,
And glaring hatred from his eye,
He shouted back with angry pride
 The Mohawks' dreadful battle cry.
The melancholy pine replied,
And sadly moaned an answering sigh.
No more the "Eagle's" form appears
 By Hudson's dark and stately river ;
His race, his life, his joys, his tears,
 Have faded from the earth forever.

HEAR ME, RITA.

HEAR me, Rita—ere the dawning,
I shall be afar from thee ;
Ere the swallows' twittered warning
Tells thee of the blushing morning,
I will be upon the sea !

Hear me, then, and say, in going
May I claim one tender sigh ;
That when seas are round me flowing,
I may dream of thee, ignoring
All the storms that haunt the sky ?

Ah this hand, it feels but coldly
To the lava in my heart !
But this form, as now I fold thee,
And with trembling gladness hold thee,
Seems of mine a burning part.

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MY VIOLET.

Down by a stream, a gentle stream,
Where the moss grows long and green,
In the sweet vale of Rosendale,
A lonely flower is seen ;
'T is first in spring of all the flowers
To peep above the ground,
And, 't is the first of all to shed
Its sweet perfume around.

The dewy tear upon its cheek
Is brighter far to me,
Than diamonds brilliant from the mine—
Or gems beneath the sea.
The jewel glitters beautifully
On beauty's bosom fair,
But far more dear the dewy tear,
For God hath dropt it there.

The heav'nly tear serene and clear
Which crowns my violet,
I've seen it shine in eyes divine,
Which I shall ne'er forget ;
Within the vale of Rosendale
A sister flower grew,
And both alike were young and fair,
And both alike were true.

But while I watched them, one has gone
Unto the God who gave,
The other, lingering, marks the spot
Where lies her sister's grave.

When winter comes with surging blast,
It crouches on her tomb,
But with the spring it rises up
In sad and modest bloom !
Within the vale of Rosendale
No marble rears its head,
My violet stands there alone,
Sweet watcher o'er the dead.

SONG.

WHEN the moon is on the water,
And the winds kiss not the sea,
Come, O fair Columbia's daughter,
And roam the sands with me ;
For 't is sweet indeed to listen
To the wild waves' melody,
And to watch them as they glisten
In the moonbeam's magic ray.

Let them prate of love who never
Saw the ocean proudly roll,
Never felt that "joy forever"
That its beauty leaves the soul !
But, my love, their dream is folly,
And their hearts will crave in vain,
Till they drink in rapture holy
The deep music of the main.

Come, then, come, Columbia's daughter,
Let us roam along the shore,
Mutely listening to the water
In its sad and solemn roar ;
And its voice will whisper sadly
Many things we could not tell,
And our hearts will linger gladly
On the songs it sings so well.

MARY.

SHE is dead—so pure and so youthful,
The flower is closed in its bloom ;
Those lips, once so warm and so truthful,
Are cold in the hush of the tomb.

She is dead—but in Heaven above us
Her spirit is happy and bright ;
But oh ! will that spirit still love us,
So far from its angelic light ?

She is dead—and the heart of her lover
Is chilled by the damp of the grave ;
Sad, sad is the heart which forever
Must lack the sweet hope that she gave.

She is dead—and the flowers are springing
As fair as when warmed by her love ;
But the winds a sad anthem are singing
Mid the trees that are sighing above.

She is dead—let us veil the deep sorrow ;
Let us stifle the cry of our pain.
O hasten the dawn of that morrow
Which shall give me my Mary again !

MUSIC.

TOUCH the chords with fairy fingers ;
Let thy sweet voice join the strain ;
While the plaintive music lingers
In my heart, oh ! sing again !

Let the music, softly stealing
From thy harp's low, murmuring tone,
Breathe that gentle calm of feeling
That is caused by it alone.

Sing the words so sweet but thrilling
That you sang on yester night ;
Wild and sad, but gently filling
Heart and soul with soft delight.

See yon star majestic gliding
O'er the blue celestial main,
And yon moon in beauty riding—
Touch thy harp to them again!

Loved Creola! in the gloaming
Of life's last and darkest day,
When my soul is restless roaming,
Lure it back with that sweet lay.

DARLING.

TREAD softly on the rustling leaves,
And hush the songs of mirth ;
Where yonder turf so gently heaves
Sleeps the fairest flower of earth.
But her soul, so pure and loving,
Hath gone unto its Giver,
And the breeze now sings of Darling
As gone away forever !
And here the lily droops its head,
Its opening glories furling,
And the gentle zephyrs hold their breath
And sadly whisper, “ Darling !”

LINES.

THEY say upon the battle-field,
Where many thousand fall,
That honor is the soldier's shield,
And glory is his pall ;
If so, the shield on many a breast
Prevents not crime and shame,
And the pall that covers many a crest
Crowns vice instead of fame.

But *one* I knew whose gallant breast
Wore well the soldier's shield,
Though lowly laid, his noble crest
Fame well a pall might yield ;
I've stood beside him in the line,
Our bivouac the same,
And what was his was always mine,
Except his dying fame.

Peace to the brave and noble dead !
Peace to the soldier's grave !
Right fearlessly they fought and bled,
And died, but could not save.
Ah ! though, while striving to be free,
Hard, hard and cold their lot,
Their names will live immortally,
Their deeds ne'er be forgot.

DEAR LILLIAN.

I GIVE the rose's hue to you,
And place it on that burning cheek ;
I take the lily's white to write
The thoughts that heaving breast may speak,
Dear Lillian !

And when in after years the tears
Uncalled for, yet still haply thine,
Shall dim that eye's sweet sheen, I ween,
A happy task will then be mine,
Dear Lillian !

For I will dry the dew, and sue
For smiles to shine within its stead,
As lovely rainbow dyes which lies
Athwart the sky, when clouds have fled,
Dear Lillian !

And all the world shall be to thee
A second Eden, calm, serene :
Wherever thou wilt roam, thy home
Will be what heaven instead had been,
Dear Lillian !

Whate'er I have is thine, and mine
Is still to have thee, all in all !
In life, in death, one home, one tomb,
One dying couch and funeral pall,
Dear Lillian !

DREAMING.

DREAMING I wandered, dreaming, not lonely,
Like solitude stalking amid a gay crowd ;
But peopled my fancy with wan spectres only,
Of shapes, and of shadows, long wrapt in the shroud.

Dreaming of forms that were clad in the beauty
Of truth, and of innocence, pure and refined ;
Dreaming of hearts that thought loving a duty,
And dreaming of souls in true piety shrined !

And Time drew the mantle that spread far behind
him,
And gave to my view many scenes that are gone,—
Scenes that are dead, but still, still I find them
When wandering in visions with mem'ry alone.

And I lived o'er again the years when I sported
 Beneath the gray elm and the evergreen pine ;
And I wooed once again the joys that I courted
 In the sunshine of youth, when its flowers were mine.

And gloom wrapt my soul when, as forceful as sorrow,
 Stern mem'ry convinced me the past was all fled ;
I woke, and I saw through the dim gray to-morrow,
 The weeds of life standing, but the flowers were
 dead.

TO SALLIE.

I HAVE dreamed of lovely faces,
I have seen some fair ones too,
That of inward thought bore traces
Pictured clearly to the view :
But for earnest, gentle feeling,
That so oft our reason tries,
I have seen the truest stealing
From the depths of thy sweet eyes !

In my heart I feel the beating
Of a love first newly born,
And a voice within repeating
A sweet name from night till morn !
In my heart I've placed you, dearest,
As a treasure pure and rare ;
Though no prayer of mine thou hearest,
Yet thy home shall still be there !

And those eyes shall light me only,
And those lips shall be my guide
Through my path of life so lonely,
Through my future, all untried !
And should e'er my footsteps wander •
From the path of right and truth,
I have but to pause and ponder
On the first love of my youth.

PAST.

'Tis nothing now—a sigh or two
For days that are departed ;
A lingering sadness for those true
And happy days, though they were few,
That left me broken-hearted !

Alas, that pleasure's ample vine,
Full of the fruit we cherish,
Should yield such strong yet bitter wine
For souls that drink as deep as mine,
And still must drink or perish !

But back—roll back the dusky veil
Of time, and look behind us,
And hear the short and cherished tale,
The pleasant joys that bid us hail,
And of the past remind us !

Let no poor mortal e'er bemoan
The joy that God hath given ;
For, should he have but one alone,
'T will live thrice o'er, and all his own,
Till given anew in Heaven !

3*

INNOCENT BLISSES.

NAY, frown not, sweet one, if in loving
I rumple a ringlet or two ;
Those lips were not made for reproving,
But formed by the Graces to woo !
This hand—and I swear it is faultless
As the Angel of Beauty's above—
This hand, by this heart, should be taught less
To shield, than to caress, in love !

Enchantress, the innocent blisses
Of loving should not be denied ;
What is purer, or sweeter, than kisses ?
What so heartless and chilling as pride ?
Then, away with the chilly impostor,
The child of cold Fashion's decree :
In our bosoms love only we'll foster,
And its queen, my sweet one, shall be thee.

TO ROSELINE.

THERE is a sorrow on that youthful brow
That almost makes me weep, fair Roseline ;
Sad is the world when sorrow comes so soon
To brood above as pure a heart as thine.

There is a sadness in that azure eye,
That once danced brighter than the sunlight's beam ;
Not dimmed with tears, but stilly with despair,
Which speaks thy soul afar off in a dream.

There is a hush in thy glad voice's tone
Unknown to us in other, brighter days ;
Its music once burst from a happy heart,
Sweet and impulsive as an angel's praise.

Sweet bird ! the world is but a cage to thee
Till thy bright spirit plumes its drooping wing,
And there, O there, where all is purity,
The long-caged pris'ner will in gladness sing.

SMILE OF THE MOON.

Ah! see the beauteous mystic night ;
The stars are in the sky, love ;
And the moon, in all her silv'ry light,
Smiles down on you and I, love.

I wonder if the virgin sphere,
So bright, so pure, and high, love,
Frowned when I kissed your lips, my dear ?
Nay, wherefore that mute sigh, love ?

If sin it be those lips to kiss,
No matter where it be, love,
I ask no more ethereal bliss—
Thou 'rt heaven enough for me, love ;

Then smile again, and lift those eyes
To yonder stars so bright, love ;
I'm in the only paradise
That lies beneath their light, love.

And if the moon and stars *should* frown,
They 're very, very high, love ;
And their chaste eyes have oft *smiled* down
On worse than you and I, love.

FAR FROM THEE, MARY.

FAR from thee, Mary—far though I wander,
Warm in my heart is the dream of my youth ;
Still on the words thou hast spoken I ponder,
Still I must worship thy beauty and truth.

Far from thee, Mary, forsaken and lonely,
Deep in the desert of life I have strayed ;
Of all I have trusted, thy heart, and thine only,
Is worthy to trust, for it never betrayed.

Far from thee, Mary, the hours I number
Drag on their slow length like ages of care ;
The only short respite I have is in slumber,
For in its sweet visions my Mary is there.

Far from thee, Mary, in every sweet vision
I clasp thy dear form to my bosom again,
Until day, looking down with a smile of derision,
Brings me back to my present of grief and of pain.

TO ROSELINE.

FORGET—forget that eye of blue?
Alas, 't is more than I can do!
Its starry beam hath haunted me
Through all the dreams of boyish days,
When nothing ever daunted me
But when those eyes forgot to praise!

Forget thee—no! my tortured heart,
With tendrils, which will never part
In life, in death, is bound to thee;
Oh! hear thy faithful lover sigh
While kneeling on the ground to thee,
And seek no more from him to fly.

Forget that smile—oh! rather let
My soul the orbs of heaven forget,

Than one bright thought it gives to me,
For in the sweetness of its beam
I see, oh, joy ! there lives to me
The bright hope of our youthful dream.

THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN.

I STAND once more beneath the hoar
And aged roof where I was born,
And ev'ry scene comes back again,
This hour of mem'ry to adorn.

The happy days of childish plays
In memory are happy yet ;
Long may their glee remain to me
When other scenes I may forget.

For since I played or idly strayed
Beneath the shade of yonder pine,
Full many a league of vain fatigue
I've marched, a soldier in the line.

I've seen the fall of many a tall
And stalwart comrade by my side ;
Have stood in gloom above the tomb
Of those who bravely fought and died.

Though sad to me their destiny,
I mourn the cause for which they bled ;
For though full well they fought and fell,
Our country, with our brave, is dead !

How strange to me the memory
Of camps, here in this peaceful spot,
Where once in joy, a studious boy,
I read some tale long since forgot.

From life's dull race I now must chase
The feelings of youth's happy morn ;
Smile not in vain if left in pain,
The honored house where I was born.

MY STAR.

THERE is a star in yon blue sky,
The brightest of the silv'ry train,
Whose quivering light and tender eye
Still smiles on me in joy and pain.

When life seems all a fairy scene,
Made but for joyous revelry,
I gaze upon my star serene,
And beauteous in her majesty.

And when dark sorrow's clouds appear
Upon my motley horizon,
And its dull tones of grief declare
The joys of youth forever gone,

I gaze upon my star, and see
A misty smile, almost divine,
Which tells me that my destiny
Is still uncarved, and still is mine.

Fair monitress, be mine to gaze
Upon that smile, so pure and bright ;
Be thine my mortal part to raise
Above corruption's earthy blight.

FIRST LOVE.

'T WAS a sweet moment—one that I
Will long remember dreamily ;
For it was passion's youngest sigh,
 The first sweet love of mine.

I touched her hand—I feel the thrill
Through ev'ry pulse in rapture still,
Subduing mind and heart and will,
 To pleasure's gentle sway.

On her young brow my lips I prest,
And drew her trembling to my breast,
O heart ! then wert thou truly blest,
 In that pure love of thine.

Again, with burning lips and brow,
I kissed her dewy lips—ah! Thou
To whom alone the passions bow,
Was it Thy holy will?

Love will not be admonishèd;
My soul was fire—I should have fled,
And not have been by passion led
To stain so pure a love.

ONCE IN THE PRIME.

ONCE, in the prime of strength and youth,
I thought the earth a paradise ;
My arm was strong, my heart was truth,
I loved the brave, the good, the wise.
And beauty's chain was round me thrown—
A fetter I was proud to own !

But now, ere manhood's seal is set
Upon my brow, which aches with pain,
I would the scenes of youth forget,
And never dream of them again.
E'en beauty's chain my heart hath galled—
Its fetter 's broke—my heart 's enthralled.

The world, so proud and cold, hath filled
My soul with feelings all the same ;
The warm enthusiast now has chilled
To the cold aspirant for fame ;
And woman's smile hath lost awhile
Its power to charm, or to beguile.

DAY DREAMS.

DOUBTFUL in the distance glimmer
Castles built in younger days,
As the moonbeams faint and shimmer
Through the murky mountain haze.
Gladly would my soul forego
All the joys that please mankind,
If the weak and pulseless mind
Could grasp the dreams that haunt me so.

Folly, in her foolscap bonnet,
Never longed for Reason's pen,
As she scrawled a sickly sonnet,
As I long these dreams to ken.
For as some pale phantom shade
Round my pathway all unfearing,
Still they whisper words of cheering,
Till in conscious thought they fade.

THE SURRENDER.

THE fall was great—the aged champion stood,
His hoar locks waving in the frosty wind,
Upon a field bathed with his country's blood,
That country and his fame to death consigned.
To death—to worse—that country once so fair,
A barren waste—its people all forlorn.
That fame so brilliant, and that genius rare,
From their high place in Fortune's temple torn.

With steady hand he gave that honored sword,
Which erst controlled the fortunes of the field ;
The hardy soldiers' honest hearts were stirred,
And strong men wept to see their chieftain yield.
The younger hero—honor to his name—
Gave back the badge of military art,
Paid rev'rence to the aged vet'ran's fame,
And won a place in every Southron heart.

SAPPHO'S LAST SONG.

AH ! my dear lyre, thou sweet relief
When hearts are sad with pleasure,
Wilt thou not change thy note to grief,
And sound a mournful measure ?
Although thou canst not charm away
The sadness of my spirit,
Thy strings shall murmur my last lay,
My last sad song inherit !

And is it past, the dream of love
In which my soul was sleeping ?
And shall I seek with sighs to move,
Or waste my heart with weeping ?
Ah no ! I cannot, will not sigh,
Nor press a sleepless pillow ;
Nor yet, as maids when lovers die,
I *cannot* wear the willow.

Farewell, bright orb ! thy silver ray
Now gilds my mother's dwelling,
Bid her for trusting maidens pray,
A doom like mine foretelling :
And thou, dear love, farewell, farewell,
Thy charms henceforth must others move ;
My lips proclaim, my fate must tell,
I've lived, and die for love !

BELLE MAGGIE.

COULD fancy's spell portray or tell
The beauty of an angel's form,
Belle Maggie's face, and charming grace,
And witching smile, so bright and warm,
Might be portrayed to never fade
Or perish—but great Raphael's art
Could never trace the beauteous face,
As it is graven on my heart.

But, though the charm of perfect form
And witching smile is great,
The eye of blue, so pure and true,
Condemns me to my fate.
The painter's skill might strive, but still
The colors are not given,
Those lovely eyes, in sad surprise,
Outvie the blue of Heaven.

Belle Maggie ! long may lovers throng
And sue for that sweet smile of thine,
But if true love the winner prove,
Then, charming girl, the prize is mine !
But now we part ; with beating heart
I utter the sad word farewell,
For many years of sighs and tears
May pass, ere we shall meet, *ma belle*.

'T IS OVER.

'T is over—the dream of life's morning,
The sweetest, the purest, the last,
Gay hopes, and their passionate burning,
Are buried alike in the past ;
'T was sweet, but 't is past, and a longing
Like we feel for the flowers when dead,
Wells silently up, ever thronging
My memory with scenes that are fled.

'T is past, and no memory longer
Shall marshal the phantoms of eld ;
For the heart cannot brood and grow stronger,
Nor its passionate longing be quelled.
Like the veil over destiny's treasures,
Like the clouds that envelop the tomb,
Shall oblivion mantle the pleasures
That have sunk in the night of its gloom.

TO ROSELINE.

AROUND thy form such graces twine,
Within thine eyes such goodness beams,
I scarce can hope, yet wish thee mine—
A dream perchance—yet who but dreams !

Young Love, they say, 's a gentle thing,
Quick springs to life, as soon to go,
Yet I, who 've felt the youngster's sting,
I have not found it so !

TO ROSELINE.

WHEN lovely Flora's gentle hand
Spread roses o'er this land of ours,
She smiled upon this lovely band,
And softly kissed the blushing flow'rs.

She watched them in their daily growth
With ev'ry floral grace endowed,
And, as each dewy bud put forth,
Her humble heart, for once, was proud.

But love, whose ever watchful eye
Beheld the mother's swelling pride,
Lest it should mount to vanity,
Resolved to check its rising tide.

Thus, while the queen of flowers stood
Amid her children's sweet perfume,
Love, in his retributive mood,
Caused a fair *human* flow'r to bloom.

The flowers bowed their lovely heads
When Rosa walked first on the earth,
And even Flora owned their charms
Inferior to the mortal's worth.

The roses claimed her as their own,
And love, who every thing disposes,
Came smiling from his heav'nly throne
And crowned her as the Queen of Roses.

THAT SONG.

No other hand shall touch the chords,
No other voice shall sing to me ;
The melting sweetness of those words
Sweet memory's echoes bring to me ;
And thou—I would not have another—
And thou alone shalt wake the past,
I'll be to thee friend, lover, brother,
And that sweet song shall charm me last.

It is not that that song was sung
By one who is no more to me ;
Its cadences have never hung
On lips more dear before to me :
It is because, in music stealing,
Those words unveiled my youthful soul,
And showed me first the power of feeling,
A power the mind cannot control.

Then sing, oh sing the song again,
And sing it from thy heart to me ;
For in each sad but tuneful strain
It tells how dear thou art to me ;
As the sweet music richly welling
From that unburdened heart of thine,
So is the love I bear you swelling
As richly, and as pure from mine.

NO MORE.

No more—alas, 'tis vain to speak
Of love now in this ruined shrine ;
The burning treasure which you seek
Was once but is no longer mine ;
The bounding pulse, the feelings fine
That should in rapture answer thine,
Their spring is dry, or oh, so weak
Their flow would chill that damask cheek.

Once—once I felt the raptured bliss,
And drank the poisoned draught of love ;
Have sipt the nectar of a kiss,
And worshiped Venus more than love !
But now my languid pulses prove
A heart that passion cannot move ;
Friendship alone its treasure is—
I give thee all, I give thee this.

But oh ! I loved with such a love
Perchance the flame again may burn ;
That faultless face and form might move
The ashes in a vaulted urn ;
To love them hoary age might learn,
And feel its youthful fires return ;
Alas, alas ! in vain I've strove—
Love's flowery web again is wove.

A HEALTH.

SWEET Creola ! I drink to thee,
And in this rosy glass of wine
I pledge the rose of chastity,
A name that henceforth shall be thine ;
And on the earth, where'er I be,
To love thee well shall still be mine.

'T is sweet to love one fair and young,
Unknown to all the wiles of art,
Before or care or love has wrung
The first fresh dew-drops from the heart.
Oh may its chords, by virtue strung,
Make music that will ne'er depart.

A health—and joy be always thine,
Where'er thy fairy form may be ;
To love that face shall long be mine,
Long will it haunt my memory ;
Though other joys I must resign,
My heart will fondly cling to thee.

SONG.

I WOULD not that those lips of thine
Should utter words I dare not hear ;
Exquisite torture must be mine—
Those words to me are words of fear.
There breathes not on the hollow air
The music of that mournful song,
It wakes the ghost of past despair,
And shakes a heart I thought was strong !

I would not have those accents wake
The solemn silence of that spell ;
Alas, my bleeding heart must break,
Those words I know, and loved too well !
They lead me back to scenes now past,
They tell me of a love now dead ;
They lift the veil that time has cast
O'er shades, whose substance long has fled.

Yet, since this heart must break at last,
This is the requiem I would choose ;
Oh ! let it die amid the past,
Nor one sweet note of memory lose !
Perchance, 't will give this heart relief,
That has in silence suffered long ;
At last 't will weep or break with grief—
Then sing to me that fearful song !

WAKE, MY HARP.

WAKE, my Harp, in joyous numbers,
Wake my heart from dull despair,
For, while wretchedly it slumbers
In the stagnant pool of care,
Nothing bright or fair comes near me—
Wake, my gentle Harp, and cheer me !

Let me touch the chord of gladness,
Long by hand of mine unstrung ;
Let me break the chord of sadness,
Touched too often, and too long !
Yet ah, pause—I fear that pleasure
Would be dull without its measure !

No, I will not break in madness,
Dearest Harp, one chord of thee ;
Though *one* string may sound in sadness,
'T is in sympathy with me :
Let it sleep—yet no, with pleasure
Let it join its mournful measure.

Sound then, Harp, thy chords unbroken,
Sound a merry lay for me ;
And when pleasure's string hath spoken
Sadly end the symphony :
And in all thy songs of gladness
Softly throw the sounds of sadness.

FOLLY.

OH ! let me drink that fluttering sigh,
 Ambrosial as the breath
Which spring exhales, upon its gales,
 While flowers bloom beneath !

In vain my soul with many a groan
 Condemns my love as evil,
My heart will beat with fever heat
 In spite of man or devil !

Ah, with my fierce, volcanic heart—
 A heart so quick to move—
I ne'er could view those eyes of blue,
 And say I do not love.

Oh could I gain through this brief life
 The Aidenne of thy love,
That paradise would well suffice—
 I'd ask for none above !

EVANGELINE.

EVANGELINE, that heart of thine
Is cold as Autumn's wailing blast ;
The viewless wind benumbs the mind,
And thou hast chill'd my heart at last.
Although thy smile with witching guile
May lead our simple hearts astray,
'T is like the moon, at night's pale noon,
Upon a river's frozen spray !

They tell me now, that on thy brow,
Another heart has sealed its love,
Oh ! guard the seal, with woman's zeal,
And faithful to its rapture prove.
The chill simoom of death will come
And silence this fierce heart of mine,
But its last throb shall be a sob
Which wails for lost Evangeline.

BREATHE NOT A WORD.

BREATHE not a word of the scenes of the past,
Let them slumber forever in Lethe's dark wave ;
The colors of joy, all too lovely to last,
Have melted to shadows, or died in the grave.

Oh call them not forth in their shadowy guise,
Like spectres that wander in sadness and gloom ;
The shrine, once of gladness, now echoes with sighs,
And the heart, ere it blossoms, is ripe for the tomb.

FIRST VOLUNTEERS.

How proudly we marched to the drum's merry beating,
When first we were marshaled in battle array ;
How fondly our hearts looked back, oft repeating
Sweet words softly spoke ere we marched far away ;
And when warm with hope, yet in sadness, we parted
From friends that had loved us from infancy's years,
Though the quivering lip trembled, and the bright tear
upstarted,
'T was from love, warm and tender, and not from
our fears.

And oh ! our hearts with emotion were swelling
When we parted from her that we deemed most
divine,
And she whispered, while tears from her blue eye
were welling,

“While absent, my heart and my prayers shall be
thine.”

Thus wrapt in an armor of love and of duty,

We parted in hope to return soon again,
For, though patriotic, the lure back was beauty,
And stronger than life is the woof of its chain.

'T IS USELESS ALL.

'T is useless all—the vain regret,
The ready sigh, the tear—
Be still my heart, you shall forget,
Your throbs I cannot bear.

Away, away, sad memory,
I'll list not to thy strain ;
You have no healing remedy
Can make me whole again.

Come, then, oblivious sleep—yet no,
I cannot trust thy spell,
Some hideous monster mocks my woe
And makes thy trance a hell.

PRESENT, PAST, AND FUTURE.

FAIR young moon, within thy crescent

Many dreams are stored away ;

Many hearts forget the present

'Neath the witchery of thy ray ;

I, like others, plucking flowers,

Give the wayside gems to thee,

Heedless of the golden hours

Rushing by, so rapidly.

And when years have rolled their courses

Up life's dark and stormy steep,

Where the murky winter forces

Every fragrant bud to sleep ;

We will look back to thy crescent

For the treasures left with thee,

The dark future, and the present,

Both too near eternity.

Present, though neglected, lonely,
 Thou wilt have a time to come,
A sure time, but it is only
 With the body in the tomb.
Fair young moon, before thy crescent
 A dark veil of earth is cast—
There alone will reign the present,
 No bright future, and no past.

FALSE FATE.

I HAVE felt that bosom heaving
As I prest it close to mine,
I have seen the color leaving
Pale those rosy lips of thine ;
I have felt thy pulses flutter
When my lips have touched that brow,
And I've heard thy accents utter
Many a sweet and sacred vow.

But the time is past, when meeting
We exchanged some mute caress ;
Though still warm our courteous greeting,
We no mutual flame confess :
We forget those hours of pleasure
When we loved, and loved so well,
Till some flower we used to treasure
With its perfume wakes the spell.

But 't is not return of feeling
Like that which we cherished then,
'T is remembrance softly stealing
Where our hearts and hopes have been.
'T is not *thou* thy vows have broken,
I have been as faithful too ;
But the voice of fate hath spoken —
Fate is false and we are true !

DEAR ETHEL.

GIVE me, dear Ethel, give to me
That charming hand of thine,
While I, dear mistress, tell to thee
This ardent love of mine.

To be with thee, to see thy face,
To watch each changing feature,
Is all I ask, bright heaven of grace,
My artless, charming teacher.

Dear one, to hold that hand, and feel
Its pulses trembling flutter,
Were worth an age of sceptred weal,
Or all that tongue can utter.

To touch those lips with lips of mine—
Alas! 't were madness, folly ;
Life's innocence and bliss be thine,
And *mine* its melancholy.

That fount of sweets is still to me
A sealed and sacred treasure ;
The source which gives me all of thee,
The spring of hope and pleasure.

Then dearest I will kiss that brow,
And touch those raven tresses,
Nor seal on virgin lips the vow
That love and truth confesses.

THE CLOUDS.

THE night is still : the vault of ether
Gives to the eye each radiant star,
And rising from her couch afar
The moon looks trembling, doubtful, whether
Her modest light, but newly wove,
Can pierce the darkness of the grove.

Thus, was my boyhood bright with gladness,
And ev'ry joy a star on high,
As pure as those that dot the sky ;
No cause my young heart knew for sadness—
And rising trembling in my soul
Young love amid its pleasures stole

Now, rising yonder dim and grayly,
Ghost-like the clouds traverse the sky ;
Though their dim forms pass swiftly by,

Each star they touch looks wan and paly ;
And e'en the moon, though bright and fair,
Shudders while they are resting there.

Thus, in my youth, dim doubtful shadows
Played in my visionary brain ;
I tried, but I cannot explain
Why fancy built such Eldorados ;
O'er each bright joy they waif-like drew
And cast o'er love a sadness too.

And now—but hark ! whence comes that thunder,
Dark and damp grow sky and air,
And every star which late looked fair,
And bright, is disappearing under
The deep black folds of yonder cloud,
As death wraps life within its shroud.

Ay, deep and dark, with heavy motion
It blots each trembling stellar light,
And gathering fury with its might
It rolls a thick and murky ocean,
With thundering tongue and lightning eye
O'er the bright queen of all the sky.

And thus my manhood—dark and fearful
The cloud sweeps on and leaves no joy
Which sorrow's darkness can destroy ;
But oh ! the sadest fate, and tearful !
'T was passion dimmed the disk of love
And tore the golden threads it wove.

And now I see the clouds are flying
In heavy masses, here and there,
With spans of sky undimmed and clear ;
I see, too, night is darkly dying,
And soon the rosy touch of day
Will wipe the clouds and mists away.

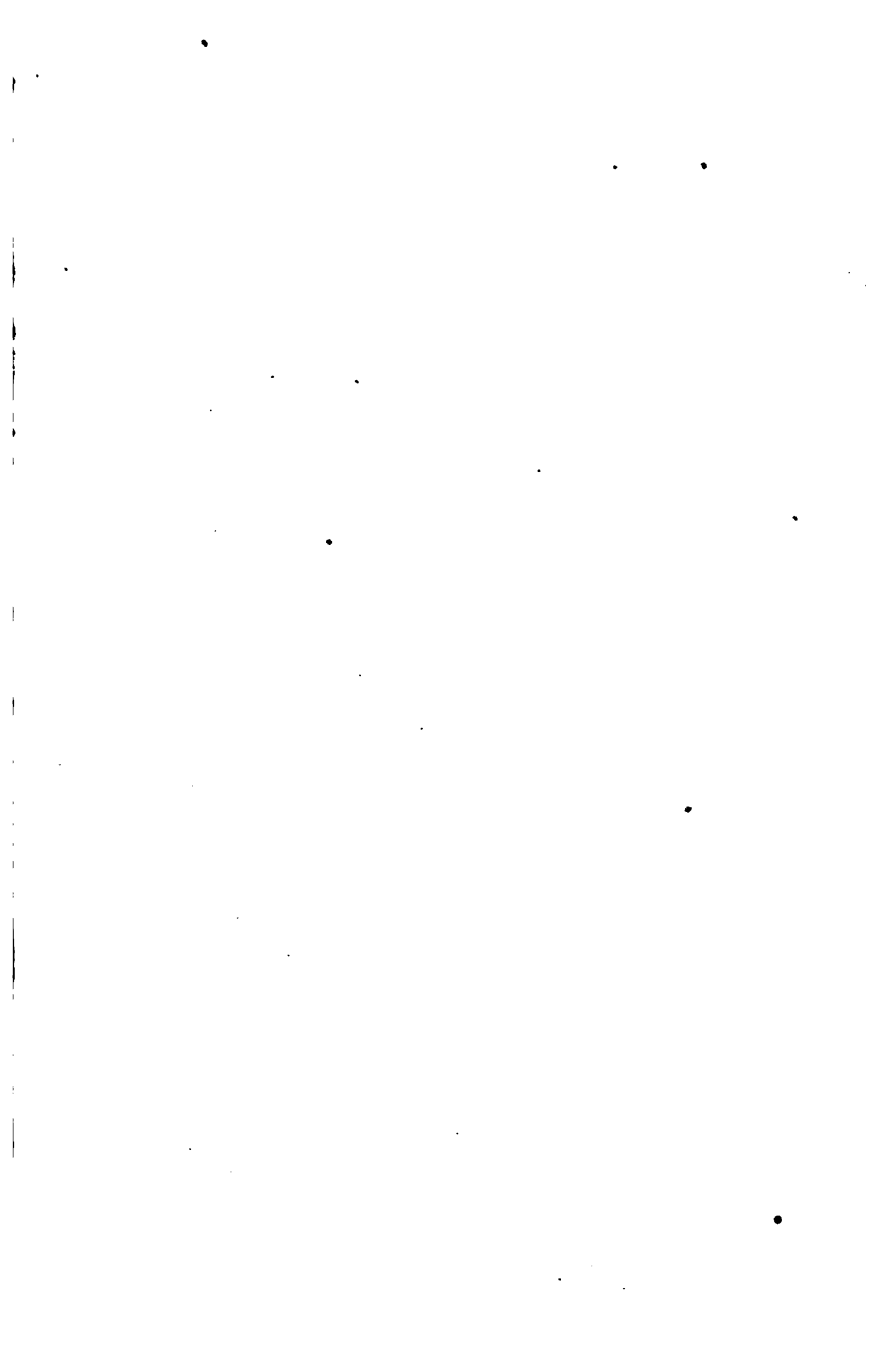
And here and there a star is shining,
A pale but still most lovely light,
To give a last adieu to night :
But the fair moon, long since declining,
Has sunk to rest beneath the cloud
That brought her death, and formed her shroud.

TO ANNA.

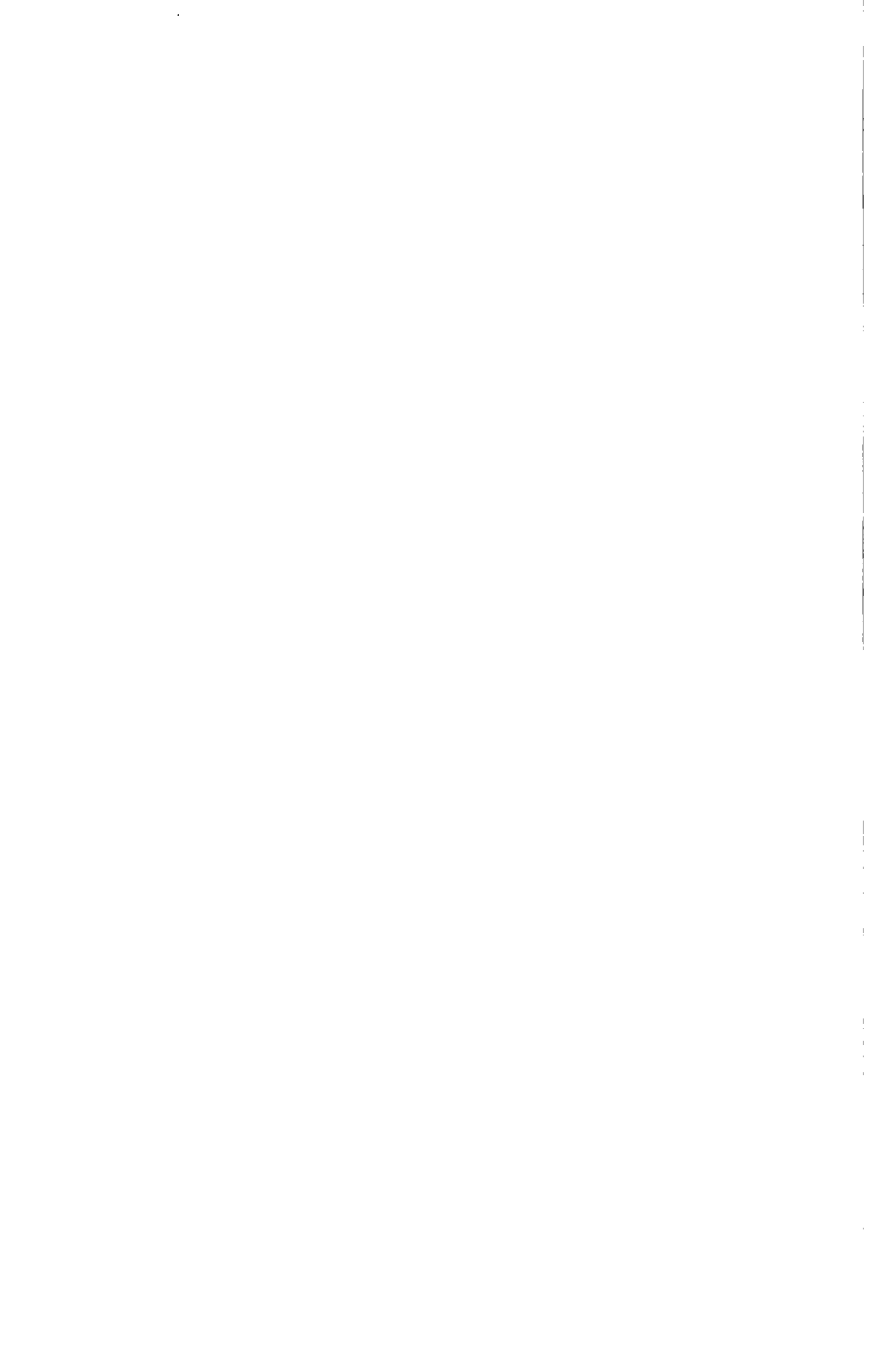
IF I could mourn one hope alone
 With gentle childhood fleeting,
'T would be a hope that now is gone,
 Which sprung at our first meeting ;
If I could feel as once I felt,
 When autumn fruits are mellow,
I'd go again where once I dwelt,
 'Mid fields of waving yellow.
'T would be to take thy soft white hand
 That I have prest so often,
And learn if time's all-soothing wand
 Had taught thy heart to soften.
'T would be again to deck thy head,
 As once in childhood's hours,
Ere twilight of the day had fled,
 With sweetly scented flowers.

'T would be to walk again beside
The stream where once we wandered,
And hear the bird, at eventide,
And dream where once we pondered.





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